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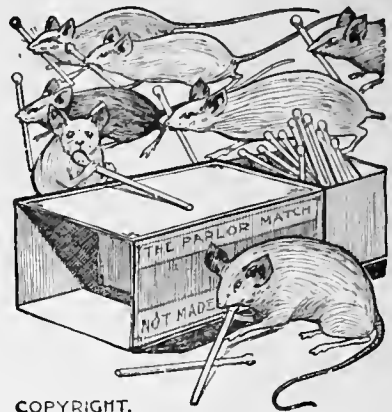
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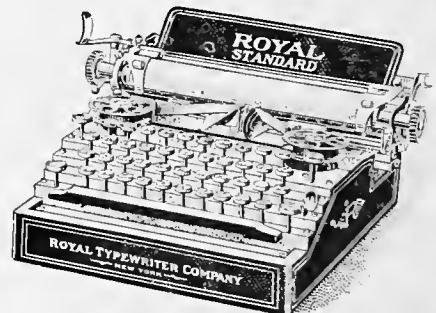
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CONTENTS.

The Wilderness between Harmony, Susquehanna Co., Pa., and Colesville, Broome Co., N. Y. Frontispiece

The Children's Hour Ellen Jakeman 167

May Day D. W. Parratt 170

Little Stories 173

The Home Rose H. Widtsoe 175

The Nuernberg Stove..... Louise de la Rame 181

Spring Song Benjamin Waddlestock 184

The Susquehanna River (Illustration) 185

Rondel (a poem) 183

Short Stories from Church History 186

..... John Henry Evans 186

Spring (a poem) Ivy Houtz 190

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Sunday School Conference..... 191

A Splendid Collection 192

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

The Attendance of Sunday School Teachers at Sacramento and Priesthood Meetings.... 194

The Stake Sunday School Librarian..... 196

Parents' Department 198

Second Intermediate Department 199

First Intermediate Department 201

Primary and Kindergarten Department 203

Pleasantries 204

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The Wilderness between Harmony, Susquehanna Co., Pa., and Colesville, Broome Co., N. Y. (See page 185)

The Children's Hour.

By Ellen Jakeman.

Mrs. Meadows folded her sewing and put it away just as the hot August sun sank behind the mountains on the west side of Utah Lake.

A thin little breeze, brisk and refreshing, followed in the golden track of the sun, coming straight down from among the pines that grow on the four beautiful mountain peaks just east of the "Garden City."

The lady stepped out upon the lawn, and stood a moment, watching her children at play, under the spreading branches of a large astrichan apple-tree, whose load of luscious fruit was bending the boughs earthward. The lawn was large enough for a play-ground, and there were also beds of flowers, many of them old-fashioned flowers, grown from seeds saved from year to year, their progenitors dating back to the garden of Mrs. Meadows' mother.

As the mother came, the three children ran to meet her. How glad they were that the time had come when she could lay her work away and be their companion for this loveliest hour of the day.

"I am so glad," said Willie, a boy of nine years, "that the old hot day is past, and the sun has had to go to bed. Don't you wish we wouldn't have any more hot days like this, mother?"

"Oh, no; I don't wish that, for it is these hot days and warm nights that puts sugar into the melons, paints the tomatoes scarlet, gives the peaches pink cheeks, and melting golden flesh, puts that nutty flavor into the ripening grain, and tells the corn it can get busy and grow all night," smiled his mother. "I guess everything is all right, Willie boy."

"Mother, how do you know the corn grows all night?" asked Willie.

"Once, in Indian times, on a very hot, still night, I was out in a corn-field all night. We were sent to sleep there because the Indians had been threatening to attack the town, and the men thought we would be safer there. I could not go to sleep, and when everything was still, I lay there and listened to the corn grow. There was no breeze, but the corn made such a busy rustle. Here and there a leaf would unfold with a little snap as it spread out larger, the joints would creak, and it was all such a glad, busy sound. I soon forgot about the Indians, and the men standing guard with their guns at the house. I was so interested listening to the corn grow. The Indians did not come, and while we were eating breakfast next morning, I told my Father about it, and he said it was the corn growing, that it was quite

still on cool nights. Sometime, you must go out when it is very still and listen to the corn grow, Willie."

"Yes, I will," said Willie, eagerly, but he unconsciously tightened his clasp on his mother's hand, for he thought of the dark and the silence, and added, "if you'll come with me."

"And so will we, and so will we," shouted the two small girls who were rolling about on the thick carpet of green grass," when mother can go with us."

Mother and children strolled about among the flower-beds, tying up heavy sprays, pulling out stray weeds, admiring the new arrivals, and praising those that had given an unusual wealth of bloom. The flowers, now that the direct rays of the sun were gone, were giving out their fragrance in lavish abundance. It might have been a pre-arranged signal between the flowers and the humming-birds, for sure it was, that when the flowers were smelling their sweetest, out of the darkening blue of the sky, came a number of humming birds. Where they had concealed themselves during the day, the delighted children did not ask, but clapped their hands in sheer delight as the tiny creatures darted to the honey-laden flowers, and hung quivering and sipping, over the nectar-filled, perfumed, and variously tinted flagons provided for their gratification.

"Let us play that the flowers are giving a party," said mother, "and that the humming birds are their guests."

"All right," replied the children, who were used to these new plays, and took part in them quite naturally.

"These people are not like us," said the mother, indicating the flowers and birds. "We are foreigners

and do not understand their manners and customs, but we know they are all right. The flowers do not receive or serve their guests as we do, but I think by looking close, we can understand a little about their wonderful lives."

"Oh, Mother, look! There is such a bright green one. Isn't it a beauty. I wish I had it in a cage," exclaimed Mary as her eyes followed the swift movements of a humming bird as it passed from flower to flower.

"It could not live in a cage," Mary," her mother replied. "These little creatures are too delicate to be kept in captivity. They must have freedom, and sunshine, and these banquets with the flowers, or they die. When America was first settled, many attempts were made to send them caged to the Old World, but none ever reached it alive. So the colonists were fain to press them between sheets of paper as we do flowers sometimes, and send them in that way. They were a rare curiosity over there. At first there was a question whether they should be called a bird, bee, or butterfly. One of our poets asks the little fellows if they are a bird, bee or butterfly, and has him make this reply:

"A Bird in shape am I.

A Bee, collecting sweets from bloom to bloom.

A Butterfly in brilliancy of plume."

Some writers have called them 'winged jewels,' so the one you so much admire must be an emerald."

"But when he slipped into a shadow just now, Mother, he was as blue as blue could be," said observant Willie. "There are some other colors on his feathers, too, but he won't keep still long enough for me to see them good."

"Well, we can't guess his jewel

if he is going to keep changing his color like that," said the mother.

"Now, children, I want you all to try to guess what kind of cards the flowers sent out to invite the humming birds to this feast."

The children puckered their brows and tried to think.

"Pink," said the baby, proudly. But Mother shook her head, and Willie and Mary rolled the baby over on the grass and kissed her, for pink was her favorite color, and she had long insisted that her own hair and eyes were pink.

Seven year old Mary looked shrewdly at the flowers, and the tiny, brilliant birds darting among them, and asked:

"Did they truly send out invitations, Mother?"

"I think the birds are too well-bred to come without an invitation," laughed the mother. "What do you think about it, Willie?"

"I think they were invited all right, but I can't guess what kind of card a flower *could* send, or how a humming bird could read it if he got one."

"Well, then, I'll have to tell you. It was just a little waft of perfume, and the birds understood it just as well as you would understand words. Every kind of flower sent every bird a card, and the birds accepted them all, and it seems to be bird and flower etiquette for the birds to drink out of every cup, and just go round and help themselves. I wish we could understand how they thank the flowers for their sweetness."

After watching them for a few moments, Willie said: "Mother, I don't want to put one in a cage if it would make it die, but I do wish I could get one to keep still long enough to see it good. I want to see its feet and eyes, and mouth."

"I think," said Mrs. Meadows, "that if you children will stand over by the vines and keep very still, I might catch one for you to look at. I used to catch them once in a while when they poked their long bills into the Four O'clock blossoms."

The children scampered away and kept as still as mice, and Mrs. Meadows stood over a bush of Four O'locks with cupped hands, and after several failures succeeded in capturing a very brilliant specimen, over which she turned a glass and let the children look at it.

While they were admiring and exclaiming over the tiny pointed wings, the weak little feet, and slender, tube-like bill, nearly as long as the bird itself, and the rare and delicate colors, the mother was quietly telling them that there were about five hundred different kinds, that all of them lived on our half of the world, mostly in Central and South America. Then she described the tiny nests, built in such a way as to resemble a knot on the twig or bush on which they were placed, and covered with moss or lichens so that they were the color of the things nearest them. How small and beautiful these nests were, and the tiny eggs, she had once seen in one of them—green, and no larger than a pea, and yet the little live bird came out of it. The children were delighted, and did not know they had had a lesson in natural history as well as a delightful hour.

Then Mrs. Meadows lifted the glass and let their unwilling guest depart.

Just then Father and the boys came home from their work, and they all trooped into the cool, clean house to a good cold supper, and baby told over the events of the evening in a manner highly entertaining to Father and the boys.

May Day.

By D. W. Parratt.

"You must wake and call me early, call
me early, mother dear;
Tomorrow 'ill be the happiest time of
the glad new year;
Of all the glad new year, mother, the
maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the may."

Tennyson.

In canto second of Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" there is a Boat Song and the first two lines of the second stanza of this song are:

"Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the
fountains,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to
fade."

It is the world Beltane that we are after. The term means "fire of God" and was given to a festival observed by the old, old inhabitants of England, called Druids, in that part of the year corresponding to the early part of our May. The festival was in honor of the sun, which they welcomed after the desolate gloom of winter, and the principal feature of the celebration was the building of great fires upon prominent hills or elevations. For many years after the Druids, the Irish people perpetuated this May custom by building bonfires short distances apart and then driving cattle between them, while at the same time fathers, holding little children in their arms, would jump back and forth through the flames.

You who have read Milton's "Paradise Lost" will recall the description of Adam waking and thinking of Eve, who was asleep, and in this connection the poet's reference to Zephyrus and Flora as expressed in these words:

"Then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora
breathes,
Her hand soft-touching, whispered thus:
'Awake!
My fairest, my espoused, my latest
found,
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever-new
delight.'"

Zephyrus was the Roman god of the west wind and Flora was the goddess of spring and flowers. Every year from the twenty-eighth of April to the first of May, inclusive, the Romans indulged in merry celebrations in honor of this gentle goddess who so kindly beautified the earth with welcome spring and lovely flowers. Of course when the Romans invaded England they took this annual festival, called Floralia, with them, and as they associated or mixed with the Druids, it was but natural that the Beltane of the Druids and the Floralia of the Romans should merge and become a common festival celebrated by all. And while Christianity has long since convinced the English people that there are no heathen gods nor goddesses yet they still cling to May Day with its associated ideas of sun, spring, and flowers.

The Irish were not the only people to follow the Druidical custom of inviting cattle to take part in the early May festivities. For generations some of the country places of England celebrated May Day by decorating milch cows with bright flowers and brilliant ribbons and driving them through the streets of the villages. Sometimes, however, instead of exhibiting "Boss" or "Sooky," milkmaids would bedeck

milk pails with the flowers and ribbons and then make their usual rounds from customer to customer. Upon approaching a house the maid balanced the pail on her head and executed a certain kind of dance before the customer with the expectation of receiving a penny or two in return.

While in these two peculiar methods of celebrating May Day, one readily recognizes an amusing mixture of the Druidic cattle and the Roman flowers, yet there were other celebrations in which prominent Christian ideas were interwoven with these much older heathen notions. In one English village, for instance, every May Day morning witnessed a litter covered with floral decorations and loaded with three cheeses, making its way through the streets and thence to the churchyard. Here the three cheeses were rolled around the church three times, after which they were carried back to the gathering place in the village, sliced, and distributed to the interested bystanders. In this the cheese was associated with the Druidic cow or cattle, the flowers with the goddess Flora, and the *three* cheeses being rolled *three* times around the church with the Holy Trinity.

In those bygone days of old England, boys and girls would, hours before day-break, assemble in parties and make for the woods. The journey was made merry by the blowing of horns, beating of drums, and the playing of various musical instruments. After enjoying a jolly good tramp through the gray woodland, they crowned themselves with flowers and then at the first peep of the sun returned to the village, laden with quantities of beautiful posies and branches. With these they would decorate the windows and

doors of every house in the town. Each decoration had its peculiar significance, the home of the honest old villager being trimmed with branches of the sturdy oak, while that of the unfortunate scold never failed to receive its annual adornment of the poor alder.

Young boys and girls were by no means the only ones in those good old days who left their beds at untimely early hours, for there was then a prevailing notion among maidens, both young and old, that to bathe their faces with May Day dew was sufficient to retain or to regain youthful beauty. With such an inducement we can readily infer that the early dawn of May saw many a solitary maiden in quest of the coveted lotion of dew, by the application of which she could forever remain "fair to look upon."

Children had not only their strolls in the woods, but they sometimes marched in processions through the villages carrying some kind of "May god" with them. Some of the "gods" consisted simply of willows covered with cowslips, while others were elaborate May garlands. The garlands were often made of two hoops of havel or osier, crossing each other at right angles, and completely covered with choice flowers. Usually a pretty doll in white dress was seated in the center, the garland serving admirably as a Sedan chair. Through the hoops was passed a stick, also covered with flowers, by which two little girls dressed in their very best white frocks, carried the chair and its royal occupant. This feature of the parade, of course, was always in the lead; then came the girl and boy dressed to represent the lady and lord of May Day; and following the "dignities" marched the faithful subjects, shouting, singing.

and having a merry good time. The royal parade usually ended in a May party at the schoolhouse, on the village green, or in the neighboring meadows or woods. Here the "May god" was obliged to take a "back seat" or was hung to a tree and the scepter was turned over to the "Queen o' the May."

And nearly every May party had its May pole with its long, pretty ribbons. Just when and by whom the first May pole was used no one is at present able to tell; however we have an account of one as far back as the time of King Henry the

Eighth. According to this account the pole was painted yellow and black, and carried two banners, one white with a forked end, and the other the red-cross banner of St. George. Some authors tell us the May pole was originally a standard of justice, but from our own observations we have good reasons to believe that at present it is a standard of frolic, merriment, and fun.

"Round the May pole, trit, trit, trot,
See the May pole we have got;
Fine and gay,
Trip away,
Happy is our new May Day."



DANCE OF THE NYMPHS.

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Little Stories.

What the South Wind told Mary.

"Dear me!" said little Mary, as she sat looking out of the window one day in March. "I was going over to see Julia Harris, but now the wind blows so hard mamma says that I cannot go. Of what use are the old winds anyway?"

Just then Mary seemed to hear a gentle voice near her which said, "I am the South-wind, and I can tell you what we winds do for you.

"My brother, the North-wind, brings the ice and snow which you enjoy so much in winter. Do you not remember what a nice sled Santa Claus brought you last Christmas, and how you and Cora Jennings, who had no sled of her own enjoyed coasting down that long hill by Farmer Brown's? And what fun you had skating on Crystal Lake!

"The East-wind brings the rain which makes the plants grow, and fills the springs and rivers with water, so that you may have all the good, pure water that you need to drink. Your mamma read you a story the other day, about some sailors. They would have died of thirst in mid-ocean, had not the East-wind blown the clouds together. When those refreshing drops fell, how happy it made all on board the ship!

I am the East Wind, mild and dry,
Blow, blow, blow;
Over the desert sands I fly,
Blow, blow, blow;
Chasing the sun from morn till night,
Over the mountains out of sight,
Filling the forest with delight,
Blow, blow, blow.

I am the West Wind wild and warm,
Blow, blow, blow.

I bring the rain and roaring storm,
Blow, blow, blow.
Gently I lift the clouds of rain
Over the hot and thirsty plain,
Gladly I freshen the fields again,
Blow, blow, blow.

I am the South Wind low and sweet,
Blow, blow, blow.
I bring the daisies at your feet,
Blow, blow, blow.
Gently I bring on balmy breeze
Flowers and buds and leafy trees,
Lambkins and birds and busy bees,
Blow, blow, blow.

"In the summer, when you have been playing in the sun you stop and sit under a tree to rest. How nice, then, it is to have the West-wind come and fan your cheeks. And poor children, in hot, crowded cities, what a welcome they give to the cooling West-wind!

"I, the South-wind, bring the flowers, birds, bees, and butterflies. I have not come to stay with you yet. I only wanted to let you know that we winds are of use to everybody. Before I leave you, I am going to tell you a verse. You may like it so well that you may learn it. If you do, you can repeat it to me when I return in June.

"Here it is:

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so,
So blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows—that wind is best."

A Tame Raven's Joke.

One day the captain of a company of soldiers was absent. The men were in the guardhouse, some taking a nap, others talking or amusing themselves. A loud voice of command was suddenly heard

outside the door, "Guards, attention! Turn out, turn out, quick!"

Supposing it to be the captain's voice, the soldiers instantly seized their guns, took their places in the ranks and marched out of the guardhouse. Here they waited for further orders.

"Forward, march!" immediately followed in the captain's voice.

The men looked round for the captain, but no captain was to be seen. The commands came from a tame raven, who was gravely watching the fun from the top of an adjoining wall. The men took the thing in good humor. They made a great pet of the bird, and always thereafter called him Captain.

Grandpa's Introduction.

The day grandpa's picture came, little Dorrit—that's Dorothy's "at home" name, you know,—was so delighted. She patted and smoothed the dear old face with her little soft fingers and kissed it again and over again with her puckered, rosy-red lips. And grandpa looked out of the shiny picture and smiled at little Dorrit as much as to say, "Bless the little dear, but I'm glad to see her!"

There were little wrinkles—Dorothy said "spider-webs"—round grandpa's eyes, and little "valleys" in his cheeks, and, O, the most beautiful snowdrift a-top of his head! You wouldn't have wondered a bit that Dorothy was so pleased.

But the same day something else came, too. It was a beautiful new picture book for little Dorrit, with a little Red-Riding-Hood girl on the cover, in a cloak as red as a ripe strawberry, and a hood to match. Dorothy thought her the

sweetest little "goorl" that ever was, and dear me, how she kissed her and "poored" her with her admiring little hands? Poor grandpa had to lie unloved and forgotten on mamma's writing-desk lid. But not for very long. Soon little Dorrit remembered him, and into her small crinkley pate crept a dear little idea. Two such "boo-ful" folks as this new little "goorl" and "grandpa" must surely know each other—right off, this minute!

Then Dorothy snatched up the precious new book and laid the gay little cover girl over grandpa's picture, face against face. Dorothy's own face was gravely polite and her clear, sweet little voice sounded like mamma's voice when she introduced two people.

"G'anpa," little Dorrit said, "make you 'kainted with little goorl."

A Faithful Dog.

A little dog was worrying because he could do so little for his master. He could not give milk like the cow, nor lay eggs like the hens, nor sing to him like the birds, and all he could do to show his love was to stay with his master all day long.

One day after dinner the master was asleep in an old summer house. Suddenly a piece of mortar fell to the floor. In some way the little dog realized that the man was in danger, so he gave a sharp bark, but the man was not awakened. He barked again, but still there was no response, so finally the faithful little fellow gave his master's nose just a very gentle bite, which was successful in arousing the man. Instantly he left the summerhouse before the plaster fell, and so, by the dog's foresight, escaped all injury—perhaps death itself.

The Home.

By Rose H. Widtsoe.

V.

Household Decoration—The Dining Room.

In many cases the dining-room is furnished in a conventional way, without any attempt to make it attractive by introducing one of the many schemes of decoration suitable to this room. Originality and taste may be expended in other rooms in the house, but the dining-room is furnished with the bare necessities—a dining-table, some chairs and a sideboard. The floor is laid with a carpet or rug; the walls are papered, curtains and pictures are hung,—and the room is finished.

Now what are the possibilities for making this part of the house interesting and attractive? To begin with we must bear in mind that it is being constantly used and must necessarily be furnished in durable materials. If it is possible for us to take part in the planning of the home, let us select a location for our dining-room that will insure plenty of light and sunshine. We spend considerable time in this room, and there is no question but that pleasant environments influence us very much. Since there is no question of greater importance than the nutrition of the human body, let us do everything in our power to dignify and uplift this part of our home life. It matters not how simple, or how humble the room and its furnishings if we keep it clean and orderly and make the best use of the material we have at hand. Cheerfulness and mirth are great helps to good digestion. Who can be cheerful, not to say mirthful,

in a dark, dingy room; and how much worse the condition if we add uncleanness.

How many of us remember the appetizing meal we had at a farmhouse. How simple the room was, but how pleasant. The room was large, light and airy. It is true that the walls were white-washed and the floor was bare, but everything was immaculate. The table-linen was spotless and the steel knives and forks were polished until they rivalled the best silver. The table was laid with care and not even the vase of fresh flowers had been forgotten. This dining-room was of the simplest yet it was attractive.

To those who have more money to spend in fitting up a dining-room there are many possibilities. Let us consider briefly the modern dining-room and its appointments. As has already been suggested, secure a room where there will be an abundance of light and provide means for thorough ventilation. The woodwork should be plain so as not to furnish lodging places for dust and germs. Oregon pine, polished, makes one of the most attractive and suitable finishes in wood for this room. Where a more elaborate and expensive decorative scheme is to be carried out polished mahogany is suitable.

The floor is best of hard wood; but where this is not possible, there are many good substitutes. Softer wood may be used if the boards are carefully joined and then rubbed smooth and polished. If the floor is not good enough to be treated in this way, let us still resist the temptation to cover it with a carpet. The

carpet that is tacked to the floor is seldom taken out of doors and aired and dusted; and for this reason, filled as it is with dust, food particles and germs, it is a menace to the health of the inmates of the house. Putty up the cracks and holes in the floor, no matter how poor it is, and paint a border, so that a loose rug may be used.

The question of whether a plain or figured wall paper is to be used depends upon certain conditions—whether a purely decorative scheme is wanted or whether it is to serve as a background for pictures or china. The kind of furniture to be used largely determines the style of paper. Heavy, massively carved furniture requires a depth of color behind it. Lighter weight and lighter colored furniture would require a lighter background. Usually the dining-room appears better in one pervading color; that is, the walls and ceiling should be kept together by the use of one color, only in different shades or tints.

If the room has a south exposure and is bright and warm a blue or green color is suitable. If the room lacks warmth and cheer, a red or warm brown would be in good taste. A pretty way to finish the walls of a dining-room is to carry the dado to the top of the door and window casings and then place a plate shelf as dividing line between this and the upper wall covering. The mission of the plate shelf is to hold pieces of china that are worth exhibiting either from an artistic or historical point.

Next in importance is the color of the rug. A plain colored rug is not as serviceable for this room as well-mixed colors in a close-set pattern. The Wilton rugs are in good taste and give good wear at a reasonable cost. Oriental rugs wear

well, but a strongly marked centre is often difficult to adjust evenly under a table. The soft browns, greens, grays and reds are good colors for a rug. Usually the Wilton rugs are characterized by the artistic combination of these quiet colors.

A large rug is the best covering for the dining-room floor. If the boards showing outside the rug are not in a condition for a waxed or stained finish they should be painted a color that will harmonize with the rug. The rug should be large enough to allow the chairs to be pushed back from the table without scraping the bare floor.

A built-in sideboard or china closet, or both, affords means for making this room very attractive. The sideboard, when built in, is of the same wood as the woodwork in the room. There are many styles of sideboards, from the severely plain to the richly-carved ones. But they all serve the same purpose. The flat silver and linen are placed in the drawers and the decorative bits of cut glass or silver are placed on top.

The china closet has glass doors and mirror backs and may be made very attractive. It is to be encouraged because of its utility. How many choice bits of china, oftentimes heirlooms, have been broken because there was no suitable place in which to keep them. The built-in sideboards and china closets are preferable to the pieces of furniture that are bought to serve the same purpose.

The dining-table is the most important piece of furniture in the room. The table with the drop leaves is very seldom seen nowadays. The long extension table has very largely taken its place, not because of its beauty but because of its convenience in seating a large

company at one time. The most artistic of all tables is the large round table. We lose some space in this style; but those surrounding the table are nearer together, and it is possible for all to converse easily. The passing of the food is also much easier. One point that should always be kept in mind is this: if the table is usually to be extended to furnish room for the family the center post should be replaced by posts at each corner, as the center support is usually elaborate and doesn't look well when it is separated. Another point is this: do not select a table with sharp edges, since they wear out the table linen.

When the dining-room is used as a living room also, or for any reason is exposed to much dust, the tablecloth should be replaced by an after-dinner cloth; or if a polished-top table is used, a simple center piece looks best. Whenever it is possible, a dish of cut flowers or a fern should be kept on the table. It is needless to say that the dining-room chairs should match the table.

A medium sized side table is also a convenience. This table usually consists of a top, one drawer, and a shelf underneath. This table is used in serving a meal and in clearing the table. Extra dishes needed in the service of the meal are kept in readiness on this table, and oftentimes the salad and dessert are placed here to simplify the serving of the meal.

What is known as the dinner wagon is a great labor-saving device. It is made of shelves, each with a little guard rim of wood or brass and each wide enough to hold easily a dinner plate. The wagon is on rubber rollers and can be easily moved from pantry to dining room,

thus reducing the work necessary in laying or clearing the table.

Pictures are always appropriate if a wise selection is made. The unpleasant realistic pictures of fish and animals should not be used. In their places hang pictures representing still life in fruits and flowers, or etchings of nature in almost any phase.

The curtains should be of some washable material, and thin enough not to keep out the light. The net curtains are much more artistic than the coarse lace curtains with conspicuous designs.

Another comfort as well as a means of decoration may be found in the mantel and grate. This is not practicable unless the room is large enough to allow the guests to sit far enough away from the grate to avoid the intense heat.

If the room is large enough and there is a suitable place, a window seat with artistic pillows may be added. The cover to this seat should be in harmony with the general color scheme. This will be found convenient for afternoon or evening entertainments.

Home Sanitation—Cellars.

"The prevention of disease is a higher and more useful branch of medicine than therapeutics."—*Austin Flint, M. D.*

In writing these articles on the sanitation of the home, I do it in the hope that the mothers especially may read them, and perhaps be inspired to study the subject more fully. The responsibility of the sanitary condition of the house rests upon the mother. It is her destiny to remain the greater part of her time at home. It is her divinely appointed mission "to guide the house."

We have been taught from time immemorial that an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure. How true this principle is when applied to the sanitary conditions of the home. How often sickness is brought on by defective plumbing and damp and unclean cellars, as well as by unwholesome food.

England leads the world in its enactment and enforcement of sanitary laws. Twenty years ago, Dr. B. W. Richardson, President of the British Medical Association, said: "I want strongly to enforce that it is the women on whom full sanitary light requires to fall." One of the first things a doctor does when he enters a house where there is contagious disease, is to make observations and ask questions concerning the appointments, arrangements and management of the house. The men of the house come and go, and know but little of the sanitary condition of the house. The mother knows every nook and corner of the house from basement to garret. The physician rests his hope of saving the patient on her knowledge, wisdom and skill. How important, then, how vital that we should understand the principles of correct sanitation.

As we have said, sanitation is the practical application of sanitary science and the laws of hygiene to the maintenance of health. We know that the gardener understands perfectly the kind of soil and the best conditions favorable to the growth of the plant; that the plant must be nourished with just the right elements and protected from noxious emanations from soil and air; otherwise it will die outright or attain only a stunted, puny growth. Ask the same person what the effect will be upon a person living in a house that is built on damp, unclean soil

and he will stand amazed and say, "I never thought of that," or, "I don't know."

The human body is an organism that requires for its growth, development and maintenance in health, a combination of forces far more complex and delicate than ever went to the perfecting of a field of wheat; and in order to understand what the ideal sanitary conditions are, we must begin at the beginning and enquire what the ideally healthy body requires.

In our last article we considered the location of the house and the nature of the soil. We considered some of the dangers arising from damp, unclean soil. Cellars furnish a field for the greatest vigilance. How often, in cellars of city houses do we find unwholesome conditions. The cellars may to all appearances be clean and dry; but the walls or floor may not be air tight and the foul gases and perhaps solid particles from a defective sewer connection may find their way into the cellar, and carry on their daedly work. It isn't enough to consider our own cellar, but our neighbor's cellars should be investigated. What can be said of the neighbor who will allow his cesspool to run over, or the sewage connection to be defective and take no steps to better these conditions unless health officers discover the condition and compel him to comply with the law? The vile odors from these nuisances penetrate the neighbors' cellars, and naturally the whole house, carrying sickness and perhaps death with them. How necessary it is that all plumbing should be exposed, so that it may be carefully inspected. The dark, dingy cellars often hide defects in the plumbing.

Another point that should be carefully investigated is the nature

of "made land." The building spot may at one time have been a hill-side, or a deep oblong chasm between other buildings, that has been the dumping ground for all the adjacent neighborhood. Old boots and shoes, tin cans, coal ashes and garbage of all sorts may have been dumped here. The real estate agent has the lot filled in with gravel. By and by a house is built on this site and unless a cellar with impervious floor and walls is made, the gases from the decaying matter enter the house and the result is ill-health and oftentimes death.

What can be said about the cellar that is occasionally flooded? If we take a peep into this flooded cellar we see great confusion—barrels and boxes afloat with apples, turnips, cabbages and all sorts of waste floating around. The great spring rains, with melting snow, have not time to soak down through the close soil, and the water seeks the nearest outlet from the over-charged soil, and finds it in the cellar. Add to this waste cream, meat, fruit and many other materials that are kept in a cellar. These have met with various accidents, and from time to time have had their juices, in various stages of decay, absorbed by the soil of the cellar walls and bottom. Decay is going on all the time and the air rushes in at the openings of the cellar and rises to the upper part of the house. A cellar should by all means be drained so that it will at least be dry.

Oftentimes a six months supply of fruits and vegetables is placed in the cellar. Chemical action is continually taking place. Special means of ventilation should be provided to carry off these gases so that they will not be carried into the upper rooms. Vegetables and fruits should be sorted occasionally and

the decaying ones burned. Decaying vegetables in the cellars are often the cause of typhoid fever, and other serious diseases. An example is given of a house which cost \$40,000, and was furnished accordingly. Soon it was in the hands of the real estate agent "to let." The reason the family was driven from this beautiful house was that it seemed to be haunted by sickness and death. For three years there had hardly been a time when all the members of the family had been well. Two had died, one from spinal meningitis, and another from diphtheria. Finally a woman came to rent it; but before she decided to take it she insisted on making a careful inspection of the cellar. In one corner was a pile of rubbish boards, old cooking utensils, and a few old potatoes. She insisted on seeing to the bottom of the pile. Loads of rubbish were removed,—old mildewed sponges, rags, shoes, and finally a barrel, in a state of stench and decay that cannot be described. It had been full of turnips, a few had been used and the rest forgotten and they formed the nucleus of the poison heap. This was a mansion where an army of servants was kept. The mistress had never been in the cellar and the master had never ventured farther than perhaps an occasional visit to the furnace. Unintelligent and shirking servants had been expected to render a service for which they were wholly incompetent.. The house was leased for five years and cleaned thoroughly. No filth disease came to any of its inmates and at last the proprietor, a sadder and a wiser man, for he had now studied sanitation, returned to it convinced that direct neglect had been the cause of what once would

have been called a "mysterious visitation from Providence."

A little anecdote of a German bride is often told. She was full of womanly ambition to be a good housewife, and she had a wise father. Among his wedding gifts was a small but very beautiful golden casket, which he charged her never to entrust to other hands because it held a charm against many of the evils that experienced housewives have to contend against. "You are to use it," he directed, "by taking it every morning to the kitchen, the cellar and the stable and setting it down in each for three minutes. You will have to remain by it, for

the magic will not work otherwise." When opened its sole contents were a little strip of paper on which was written, "The eye of the mistress is worth a hundred pairs of servants' hands," and he felt that a habit of three years might be left to perpetuate itself. Eternal vigilance is the price of everything worth the having or the keeping.

Keep the cellar clean by not allowing any rubbish or decaying vegetables to accumulate. Have the walls white-washed once or twice a year and keep it dry. If we do this we shall be doing much to keep our homes in a sanitary condition.

By reason of transgression cometh the fall, which fall bringeth death, and inasmuch as ye were born into the world by water, and blood, and the spirit, which I have made, and so become of dust a living soul, even so ye must be born again into the kingdom of heaven, of water, and of the Spirit, and cleansed by blood, even the blood of mine Only Begotten; that ye might be sanctified from all sin, and enjoy the words of eternal life in this world, and eternal life in the world to come, even immortal glory; for by the water ye keep the commandment; by the Spirit ye are justified; and by the blood ye are sanctified.—Moses vi: 59, 60.

The Nuernberg Stove.

By Louise de la Rame.

Presently the key turned in the lock of the door; he heard heavy footsteps and the voice of the man who had said to his father, "You have a little mad dog; muzzle him!" The voice said, "Ay, ay, you have called me a fool many times. Now you shall see what I have gotten for two hundred dirty florins. *Potztausend!* never did you do such a stroke of work."

Then the other voice grumbled and swore, and the steps of the two men approached more closely, and the heart of the child went pit-a-pat, as a mouse's does when it is on the top of a cheese and hears a housemaid's broom sweeping near. They began to strip the stove of its wrappings: that he could tell by the noise they made with the hay and the straw. Soon they had stripped it wholly: that, too, he knew by the oaths and exclamations of wonder and surprise and rapture which broke from the man who had not seen it before.

"A right royal thing! A wonderful and never-to-be-rivalled thing! Grander than the great stove of Hohen-Salzburg! Sublime! magnificent! matchless!"

So the epithets ran on in thick guttural voices, diffusing a smell of lager-beer so strong as they spoke that it reached August crouching in his stronghold. If they should open the door of the stove! That was his frantic fear. If they should open it, it would be all over with him. They would drag him out; most likely they would kill him, he thought, as his mother's young brother had been killed in the Wald.

The perspiration rolled off his

forehead in his agony; but he had control enough over himself to keep quiet, and after standing by the Nuernberg master's work for nigh an hour, praising, marvelling, expatiating in the lengthy German tongue, the men moved to a little distance and began talking of sums of money and divided profits, of which discourse he could make out no meaning. All he could make out was that the name of the king—the king—the king came over very often in their arguments. He fancied at times they quarrelled, for they swore lustily and their voices rose hoarse and high; but after a while they seemed to pacify each other and agree to something, and were in great glee, and so in these merry spirits came and slapped the luminous sides of stately Hirschvogel, and shouted to it,—

"Old Mumchance, you have brought us rare good luck! To think you were smoking in a silly fool of a salt-baker's kitchen all these years!"

Then inside the stove August jumped up, with flaming cheeks and clinching hands, and was almost on the point of shouting out to them that they were the thieves and should say no evil of his father, when he remembered, just in time, that to breathe a word or make a sound was to bring ruin on himself and sever him forever from Hirschvogel. So he kept quite still, and the men barred the shutters of the little lattice and went out by the door, double-locking it after them. He had made out from their talk that they were going to show Hirschvogel to some great person:

therefore he kept quite still and dared not move.

Muffled sounds came to him through the shutters from the streets below—the rolling of wheels, the clanging of church-bells, and bursts of that military music which is so seldom silent in the streets of Munich. An hour perhaps passed by; sounds of steps on the stairs kept him in perpetual apprehension. In the intensity of his anxiety, he forgot that he was hungry and many miles away from cheerful, Old World little Hall, lying by the clear gray river-water, with the ramparts of the mountains all around.

Presently the door opened again sharply. He could hear the two dealers' voices murmuring unctuous words, in which "honor," "gratitude," and many fine long noble titles played the chief parts. The voice of another person, more clear and refined than theirs, answered them curtly, and then, close by the Nuernberg stove and the boy's ear, ejaculated a single "*Wunderschoen!*" August almost lost his terror for himself in his thrill of pride at his beloved Hirschvogel being thus admired in the great city. He thought the master-potter must be glad too.

"*Wunderchoen!*" ejaculated the stranger a second time, and then examined the stove in all its parts, read all its mottoes, gazed long on all its devices.

"It must have been made for the Emperor Maximilian," he said, at last; and the poor little boy, meanwhile, within, was "hugged up into nothing," as you children say, dreading that every moment he would open the stove. And open it truly he did, and examined the brass-work of the door; but inside it was so dark that crouching August passed unnoticed, screwed up

into a ball like a hedgehog as he was. The gentleman shut to the door at length, without having seen anything strange inside it; and then he talked long and low with the tradesmen, and, as his accent was different from that which August was used to, the child could distinguish little that he said, except the name of the king and the word "gulden" again and again. After a while he went away, one of the dealers accompanying him, one of them lingering behind to bar up the shutters. Then this one also withdrew again, double-locking the door.

The poor little hedgehog uncurled itself and dared to breathe aloud.

What time was it?

Late in the day, he thought, for to accompany the stranger they had lighted a lamp; he had heard the scratch of the match, and through the brass fret-work had seen the lines of light.

He would have to pass the night here, that was certain. He and Hirschvogel were locked in, but at least they were together. If only he could have had something to eat! He thought with a pang of how, at this hour at home they ate the sweet soup, sometimes with apples in it from Aunt Maila's farm orchard, and sang together, and listened to Dorothea's reading of little tales, and basked in the glow and delight that had beamed on them from the great Neurnberg fire-king.

"Oh, poor, poor little 'Gilda! What is she doing without the dear Hirschvogel?" he thought. Poor little 'Gilda! she had only now the black iron stove of the ugly little kitchen. Oh, how cruel of father!

August could not bear to hear the dealers blame or laugh at his father, but he did feel that it had

been so, so cruel to sell Hirschvogel. The mere memory of all those long winter evenings, when they had all closed round it, and roasted chestnuts or crab-apples in it, and listened to the howling of the wind and the deep sound of the church-bells, and tried very much to make each other believe that the wolves still came down from the mountains into the strets of Hall, and were that very minute growling at the house door,—all this memory coming on him with the sound of the city bells, and the knowledge that night drew near upon him so completely, being added to his hunger and his fear, so overcame him that he burst out crying for the fiftieth time since he had been inside the stove, and felt that he would starve to death, and wondered dreamily if Hirschvogel would care. Yes, he was sure Hirschvogel would care. Had he not decked it all summer long with alpine roses and edelweiss and heaths and made it sweet with thyme and honeysuckle and great garden-lilies? Had he ever forgotten when Santa Claus came to make it its crown of holly and ivy and wreath it all around?

"Oh, shelter me; save me; take care of me!" he prayed to the old fire-king, and forgot, poor little man, that he had come on this wild-

goose chase northward to save and take care of Hirschvogel!

After a time he dropped asleep, as children can do when they weep, and little robust hill-born boys most surely do, be they where they may. It was not very cold in this lumber-room; it was tightly shut up, and very full of things, and at the back of it were the hot pipes of an adjacent house, where a great deal of fuel was burnt. Moreover, August's clothes were warm ones, and his blood was young. So he was not cold, though Munich is terribly cold in the nights of December; and he slept on and on,—which was a comfort to him, for he forgot his woes, and his perils, and his hunger for a time.

Midnight was once more chiming from all the brazen tongues of the city when he awoke, and, all being still around him, ventured to put his head out of the brass door of the stove to see why such a strange bright light was round him.

It was a very strange and brilliant light indeed; and yet, what is perhaps still stranger, it did not frighten or amaze him, nor did what he saw alarm him either, and yet I think it would have done you or me. For what he saw was nothing less than all the *bric-a-brac* in motion.

RONDEL.

Translated from the French by Benjamin Waddlestock.

*The cloak has fallen from the year
Of wind, of winter cold, and rain,
He decks himself in garments vain
Of radiant sunlight, glad and clear.
No beast or bird but far or near
Raises his cry or sweet refrain:
The cloak has fallen from the year*

*Of wind, of winter cold, and rain.
Rivers, springs, and brooklets clear
Soon will bear in splendor plain
Jewels of gold and silver grain;
Each one attired in newest cheer.
The cloak has fallen from the year
Of wind, of winter cold, and rain.*



SPRING SONG

By Benjamin Waddlestock

THE flowers were blooming tull happy and gay,
Sing heigh ho, the daffodowndilly,
As flowers will bloom in the sunshine of May,
With a heigh ho, the lily and daffodowndilly.

The birds were singing like birds in the spring,
Sing heigh ho, the daffodowndilly;
For birds on a May day will evermore sing,
With a heigh ho, the lily and daffodowndilly.

A lover was striding the green waving fields,
Sing heigh ho, the daffodowndilly;
For youth in the springtime'to love's impulse
yields,
With a heigh ho, the lily and daffodowndilly.

He found her just where the brook leaps the
rocks,
Sing heigh ho, the daffodowndilly,
Where the broken waves stream, like her own
bonny locks,
With a heigh ho, the lily and daffodowndilly.

In the spring house the cream is awaiting her
hand,
Sing heigh ho, the daffodowndilly;
In the meadows the plow-oxen patiently stand,
With a heigh ho, the lily and daffodowndilly.

But let them wait on, while the birds sing above,
Sing heigh ho, the daffodowndilly,
For what in this world's so important as love!
With a heigh ho, the lily and daffodowndilly.





Photo. by George E. Anderson.
THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER.

And again, what do we hear? Glad tidings from Cumorah! Moroni, an angel from heaven, declaring the fulfillment of the prophets – the book to be revealed. A voice of the Lord in the wilderness of Fayette, Seneca county, declaring the three witnesses to bear record of the book. The voice of Michael on the banks of the Susquehanna, detecting the devil when he appeared as an angel of light. The voice of Peter, James and John in the wilderness between Harmony, Susquehanna county, and Colesville, Broome county, on the Susquehanna river, declaring themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom, and of the dispensation of the fulness of times.

Short Stories from Church History.

By John Henry Evans.

XIII.

OUTWITTING GRAFTERS.

"I say, fellows, have you heard of the new preachers?"

The speaker was a local Campbellite elder, not a professional, but a working man; and the "fellows" were four of the regular brigade of whittlers who frequented Kellog's grocery shop. They were now sitting round the stove on soap and cracker boxes, whittling away after the Yankee fashion as if that were a grave occupation. Indeed, with them it came very nearly being their vocation in life, so industriously they pursued it every afternoon and evening though during the middle of the day, in summer time, they did a little farming on the side. At this question of Walton's the quartette pricked up their ears and suspended work in anticipation.

"What preachers?" they inquired, in one voice; for it had been many a day since any one had come among them with "news" so evidently written on his face and standing out so prominently in a question.

"Why," replied Walton, with the superior air of one who has an important communication to make—"why, some men from Kirtland

with a new religion about angels and revelations and prophets."

"No," said "Bill" Caxton, "we ain't heard a thing about 'em, and we're just aching for something new. Tell us."

"Well, they come here this morning—five of 'em. Pratt's the leader, I reckon, an old friend of yours, Bill," Walton went on, directing



Parley P. Pratt.

this last remark to Caxton personally.

"Not Parley Pratt as used to live by the mouth of the river and sold his place to go apreaching to the Indians for you Campbellites? He wasn't no friend of mine, though I knowed him tol'able well."

"Anyway, it's the same Pratt."

was the answer, "and he's preaching to the Indians, sure enough, but not for the Disciples. He's a Mormonite now, with a new Bible—a gold one, too—that a man named Smith dug up out of a hill in New York."

"You don't say?" said Bill. "And what be these men doin' here? There ain't no Indians among us, as I know of."

"They're on their way to Missouri, where they'll find Indians aplenty," Walton explained. "They are stopping at Simeon Carter's and they're going to raise Old Harry in his neighborhood, like they did in Kirtland. They want to hold a meeting tonight in the schoolhouse to preach their doctrines."

There was considerable said, after this introduction to the subject, about the missionaries to the Lamanites and their probable intentions—how it was that Parley P. Pratt had left this part of the Ohio wilderness a Campbellite and was now returning a "Mormon;" how he and his companions had taken Kirtland by storm and converted the whole population at a single meeting; and how the "Mormons" believed in this, that, and the other absurd doctrine, exalting their golden Bible above the Hebrew Scriptures. Of course the reports of what the missionaries had done at Kirtland had reached Walton in a highly exaggerated form, and you may be sure they lost none of their news value in passing from him to the four men composing his audience.

Yet all that he had said thus far bore the appearance of being only a preface to something he kept back. The men before him felt this, though it is doubtful whether they were conscious of the fact. There followed a short pause, during

which was heard only the whittling of the five "workers."

Presently Walton exclaimed. "Say, boys! would you like to have some fun and some money at the same time?"

"Sure!" they chorused. "Name your plan!"

"It's this," came the explanation. "Tonight, just after dark, we can all go down to Carter's, where the Mormons are staying, and arrest Pratt. Bob here can do the arresting, he being a constable. He can be taken before Bill here, who is the justice of the peace, and tried for breaking the law. The rest of us can act as witnesses—that is," he added, "if you'll whack up on the fine-money."

"Good!" answered one of the listeners. "but what's the offense? We'll have to have something to try him on; we can't make the thing up out of whole cloth, you know."

"Arrest him for disturbing the peace," Walton replied.

"He will have done by the time the arrest's made," was the local preacher's answer. "Leasways he's disturbed Simeon's, I'll bet on that!"

The plan was agreed to without further parley. The constable and his three "witnesses," at dusk, went to Carter's leaving the justice to go to the little log schoolhouse, near by, where the court was to sit.

During the whole distance of two miles the four men walked on in almost total silence. When they reached Carter's it was quite dark and the lamps were lighted. They did not scruple to peer in through the window to see what was going on.

"We've got evidence enough now to show that Pratt's making trouble," observed Walton, after a brief look. "Do you see that man sitting

in the arm chair, facing Simeon and his wife—him with a book open in his hand?" he went on, in a whisper. "Well, that's Pratt. He's reading out of the Golden Bible, I guess. I don't know who that other man is, or rather boy, unless it's one of his comrades. I don't know where the other three men are. Maybe they're not stopping here, after all. Now, Bob, you'll have to do the rest."

Accordingly, the constable knocked at the door. "I've come to arrest this man Pratt," he said, on being admitted, at the same time going up to the man in the arm chair.

"On what charge, sir?" inquired Elder Pratt, in great astonishment, at this unexpected interruption.

"You'll find out soon enough!" was the reply.

The thought occurred to Parley to refuse to go with the officer, inasmuch as no warrant had been served. But he did not act upon it, since there might be the appearance of resistance to the law. So, grabbing up what articles belonged to him, but forgetting in his hurry and excitement the book he had been reading, which was, sure enough, the Book of Mormon, or the "Golden Bible," he bade Mr. and Mrs. Carter a hasty adieu, and went with Constable Bob. The young man whom Walton did not know was Ziba Peterson, one of the Lamanite missionaries. He followed his companion out into the darkness.

The six men trudged to Center as silently as the four had come. On reaching the "court room" they found the place lighted up and warmed ready for their reception. The justice was seated, as gravely as the situation would allow, behind the table which served for a teacher's desk.

"Bring the prisoner forward!" he

said, in as official a tone as he could command.

The prisoner was brought to the front.

Justice Caxton inquired of Elder Pratt as to his beliefs and his purposes in coming into this neighborhood, although the latter failed to see what all this had to do with his arrest. Then mention was made of the "disturbance" which Elder Pratt was alleged to have made in Kirtland and was charged with having begun in this place. After that the "witnesses" were heard. They testified to a lot of imaginary and impossible things which, they said, the missionaries had done in various parts of Ohio.

"Now," said the justice, when all the so-called evidence was in, "I'm going to test your apostleship and belief in miracles by putting you in prison. If you're a true apostle, angels'll deliver you, as they did the Apostle Peter, that we read of in the New Testament; and if you're not a true apostle, they won't. What do you say to that?"

Elder Pratt had nothing to say to such illegal and farcical proceedings.

"Either that or pay a fine of twenty-five dollars," added the judge.

So far as Brother Parley was concerned it would have to be imprisonment, for he did not have in his possession a five-cent piece. This he told his persecutors, but, of course, they did not believe him. They tantalized him, abused him, and urged him to settle the matter at once by the payment of the fine, as being the easier way out of the difficulty. To all of this, however, Elder Pratt made no reply.

His silence greatly exhausted their patience. He now began to suspect that, after all, this was only a trick planned by these men to

cheat him out of what money he was supposed to have. The suspicion was the more grounded, he thought, from the fact that, though the justice had threatened imprisonment with so much flourish and noise, yet no attempt was made to remove him to the jail. On the contrary every effort was made to induce him to pay his fine.

Towards midnight the patience of his accusers gave way, seeing which Parley said:

"Brother Peterson, sing us a hymn."

So Ziba's sweet boyish voice rose on the air in:

• "Oh, how happy are they."

This exasperated the men beyond expression. Nevertheless, they continued to press their victim to settle the business by paying the money.

At this point Elder Pratt arose and, respectfully addressing the court, said: "I have one proposal to make for a final settlement of the things that seem to trouble you. It is this: If the witnesses who have given testimony in the case will repent of their false swearing, and the magistrate of his unjust and wicked judgment and of his persecution, blackguardism and abuse, and all kneel down here together, we will pray for you, that God might forgive you in these matters."

"My big bull dog prays for me," said the constable.

"The devil helps us," exclaimed the judge.

After making a final, but fruitless effort, to induce the payment of the fine, the court was adjourned, and Elder Pratt taken to a public house, or hotel, across the street, the prison being too far away to suit the constable's convenience, and locked

in a room till morning. Ziba Peterson returned to Carter's for the night.

In the morning the constable came for Elder Pratt. They breakfasted together, during which the officer repeated his effort of the previous night to get Parley to pay the fine. While the two were waiting, after breakfast, for means to convey the prisoner to jail, the four companion missionaries of Brother Pratt came along on their way to the West. Parley managed to get near enough to them to whisper—

"You go ahead. Something'll happen that will enable me to follow." And they passed on.

After sitting before the fire with the officer for nearly an hour, Brother Pratt requested the privilege of walking out on the public square, expecting, of course, that the constable and his bull dog, who always accompanied him, would go too. Consent was given and the three went out for a stroll in the fresh, cool air.

"Mr. Peabody," said Parley, when they had been walking for a few minutes, "are you good at a race?"

"No," was the answer, "but my dog here is! He has been trained to help me in my office these several years, and can take a man down as quick as a wink."

"Well," went on the prisoner, "you compelled me to go with you a mile, and I have gone with you twain. You have given me an opportunity to preach, to sing, and to be lodged and breakfasted for nothing. But I must now resume my journey. If you can run fast, you may go with me—or rather after me. I thank you for your kindness, and bid you good-day, sir."

The officer stared in bewilderment. The thing was so cool and

audacious as to be incredible. And before he could regain self-possession enough to act, his prisoner was some distance away, running at a break-neck speed. The constable had told the truth for once—he *was* *not* good at a race. But his dog was.

Elder Pratt was a good two hundred yards off, had leaped a fence, and was betaking himself across a field into a forest of tall trees and thick underbrush.

Behind him he heard the officer ordering his dog to the pursuit. "Stu-boy! stu-boy!" he was saying. "Take him, Watch! lay hold of him! down with him!" Meantime, he was clapping his hands.

Parley did not wait to see what was going on, till the dog, a large, fierce mastiff, was almost at his

heels. Then an idea suddenly came to him in his helpless terror.

Quick as thought, he stopped, wheeled round, and said:

"Stu-boy! sic 'em, Watch," at the same time pointing ahead at some invisible foe, and clapping his hands.

The dog bounded past him in furious pursuit of the hidden enemy, much to Brother Pratt's relief, and was soon lost in the tangles of the forest. Meanwhile Parley took to his heels in another direction, but getting into the woods. In the course of a few hours he caught up with his companions, whose surprise, and joy, too, was great at his sudden appearance. He never heard anything more of either the dog or his master.

Spring.

By Ivy Houtz.

*Oh, Spring, dear Spring
At last is here,
Bringing with song
The new-born year.*

*O Spring, gentle Spring,
The earth is all new;
The flowers we so love
Are nurtured by you.*

*The dear golden sun
Has come back to stay,
To help make us happy
Day after day.*

*A murmuring breeze
Trips over the lea,
Awaking the grasses
The glad spring to see.*

*The dear little snow-drops
Peep up their fair heads:
The violets blue
Stand up in their beds.*

*The crocus appears,
Like a spot of new gold
So yellow and bright,
From the dampness and mould.*

*O Spring, gentle Spring,
Why can you not stay
To help make us happy
Day after day?*

*We love all the seasons
From fall unto fall,
But we love the glad Spring
The best of them all.*

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - - MAY, 1908

The Sunday School Conference.

The recent Sunday School Conference, held in the great Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, was the best possible evidence one could wish to obtain of the growth of the Sunday-School cause during the past year. The Tabernacle was filled almost to overflowing. Fifty-three of the fifty-six stakes of Zion, and five foreign missions were represented. And the report of the general secretary showed a vast increase in nearly every department of Sunday School activity. The program of the evening was highly entertain-

ing, as well as instructive. The Sunday Schools of the Ensign stake furnished the singing. President Joseph F. Smith presided over the meeting.

THE SECRETARY'S REPORT.

General Secretary George D. Pyper read the following report, compiled from the many annual reports sent in to the general office:

Total number of Sunday Schools in the Church 1,105, an increase of 42 schools; total number of children in organized stakes between the ages of 4 and 20 inclusive, 119,156; of these, 103,111 are enrolled, leaving a balance of 16,045 unenrolled, as against 19,938 in 1906. Number of school sessions held, 49,923, an increase of 1,657 regular meetings. Number of officers and teachers, 17,883, an increase of 327. Percentage of attendance in the stakes 63; in the missions 85, an average of 69, and an increase over the previous year of 3 per cent.

PUPILS: Males, 58,029; females, 63,256—5,227 more girls than boys; increase of males, 108; of females, 1,099. Total number of pupils enrolled, 121,285. *Departments*—Kindergarten, 23,746—a loss of 688; primary, 23,062—a loss of 784. (The losses in these two departments were caused by promotions.) First intermediate, 27,051, a gain of 974; second intermediate, 19,717, a gain of 9,223; theological, 26,707, a gain of 756. The percentage of attendance in the organized stakes was 59; in the missions, 70; an average of 61—a gain of 1 per cent.

Enrolled in parents' classes, 13,663; a gain of 8,541. The average

attendance in parents' classes was 40 per cent, a loss of 15 per cent; but while this shows a loss, yet 2,653 more parents were in session each Sunday during the year than in 1906.

Total stake officers, including board members, 694, an increase of 194. Grand total of Sunday school officers and pupils, 153,525, an increase of 11,242. Number of Latter-day Saint children over 8 years, unbaptized, 2,853. Percentage of officers and teachers observing the Word of Wisdom, 84; pupils, 83 per cent. Number of seventies released from Sunday School work to attend their quorum meetings under the new movement, 1,336; number retained, 638. Books in libraries, 29,423.

Such a report is indeed encouraging. There are more children in the Sunday Schools, and fewer out—in proportion to our total Church membership—than ever before. There is a greater number of organized Sunday Schools in the stakes of Zion and in the missions than ever before. And there are more officers and teachers engaged in the great work of teaching the children of Zion than ever before—an army, indeed, of nearly 18,000 men and women.

THE SINGING.

One of the most enjoyable features of the conference was the musical numbers furnished by the Sunday Schools of the Ensign stake under the conductorship of Elder W. N. B. Shepherd. The opening number was the old favorite, "Our Mountain Home so Dear." Then, after the invocation, was rendered the stirring, patriotic selection, "Utah, the Star of the West," and as the closing number was sung,

"Onward, Christian Soldier," At the close of the secretary's report. Miss Maud May Babcock read "O My Father," which was then sung by the Ensign schools to the Haydn tune; and at about the middle of the session a chorus of boys from the twenty-seventh ward Sunday School, of the Ensign stake, under Elder Thomas Ash, as conductor, sang with delightful effect, "Some Glad, Sweet Day." All the singing was very pleasing and effective. It showed what can be done in a stake way by live, enthusiastic choristers. The boys' chorus was particularly pleasing. Why do we not do more work of this kind in our schools?

THE PROGRAM.

The rest of the program consisted of addresses by President Joseph F. Smith, Elder Thomas B. Evans and Elder David O. McKay, and a concert recitation of the twenty-third psalm by a class from the fourth ward of the Pioneer stake, under the direction of Elder Soderberg of the stake board. The addresses will be published in the JUVENILE and can then be studied at leisure. The concert recitation was ably conducted. Concert recitation leaders should go home from the conference much benefited by this worthy effort.

A Splendid Collection

A great deal has been said in our community about suitable reading for children. Children's minds are remarkably active, and usually their imaginations are remarkably vivid. Forests and open fields, trees, stones and rippling brooks, prosaic city residences and idyllic country homes, are all alike peopled with the

airy nothings of children's imaginations and made the scene of many a stirring adventure experienced only in children's minds. And it is good for the race that children's minds are so active, that their imaginations are so vivid. All that we do must first be seen in the mind. The greatest work achieved by man was seen in the eye of the imagination before it was done, and the man with the most active mind and the most vivid brain will usually see most readily the many wonderful things that can be turned to the service of man.

It is a good thing, then, to encourage children in the childish play of their imaginations and in their mental activities. Yet, the cultivation of this side of child nature may be carried to the extreme. Children may be taught to imagine vain and useless things. Indeed, they may be taught to imagine things absolutely harmful, things that may in time wreck their lives.

It is this consideration that has led to the extended discussion among us as to what children should read, since their play is founded upon what they themselves read or upon what they hear. Fairy-tales, myths, and folk-lore in general have sometimes been decried in a wild and indiscriminate way. Fairy-tales and myths, we are told, are untrue; the classical heroes of antiquity possibly never even lived; and folk tales are often founded on foolish superstition. We want truth.

Truth we do indeed want. But those who condemn the best forms of children's stories the world has ever produced are blissfully ignorant of the great fact that fairy tales, mythical tales, folk tales and other tales, though not founded always on some actual occurrence, contain often more *truth* than tales of fact.

It is never the mere fact on which the story is based that we wish to convey to the children, but the great and noble principle taught by the story. Therefore can it be justly said, "To cultivate the imagination, to fill the mind of the child with beautiful fancies and with the conviction of justice is, then, the mission of myths and folk lore stories to the children."

What is wanted, then, is not a wild and indiscriminating condemnation of the best imaginative literature for children, but a wise, intelligent selection of what is really the best—a selection that shall accomplish the mission of children's literature. Such a selection has been needed for many generations of children; such a selection would be almost a God-send to the children of today; and such a selection has indeed been finally prepared for us. Not long ago, the Houghton-Mifflin company of Boston put forth a set of children's stories and poems in ten volumes, selected and edited by Eva March Tappan. This splendid collection—called "The Children's Hour"—includes "Folk Stories and Fables," "Myths from Many Lands," "Stories from the Classics," "Legendary Heroes," "Seven Old Favorites," "Old Fashioned Stories and Poems," "The Out of Door Book," "Adventures and Achievements," "Poems and Rhymes," and "Modern Stories." Nothing better than this for young people has as yet reached our desk.

The set sells at \$17.50 bound in cloth, \$25.00 in half leather, and \$35.00 in full leather. It may be obtained from the Wheeler Publishing Company, 20-21 Commercial Block, Salt Lake City, or from the Desert Sunday School Union Book Store.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

The Attendance of Sunday School Teachers at Sacrament and Priesthood Meetings.

*By President Joseph F. Smith,
April Conference, 1908.*

The committee on arrangements has assigned to me the duty of addressing you for a few moments on the subject of "The Attendance of Sunday School Teachers at Sacrament and Priesthood Meetings." As the subject has for the first time been mentioned to me, I may not be able to strike the chord that was really in the minds of the committee in relation to the manner of treating it. This question is rather a surprise to me, as I had never supposed that there was any room for a doubt that the teachers and officers of the Sunday Schools needed, in the least degree, an exhortation to be faithful and vigilant in attending to any and every duty that does properly devolve upon them. There seems to be less room, apparently, for the question in the supposition which I presume is a fact, that the officers and the teachers of the Sunday Schools are among the most faithful and most diligent men and women known in any capacity in the Church. They are men and women who give voluntarily and cheerfully their time and their thought and their earnest effort toward the promotion of the interests of the Sabbath schools, and toward the proper education and instruction of the children who attend them; and it is hardly possible that men, especially the elders who are engaged as officers and teachers of Sunday schools

would neglect, or could be chargeable with neglect, in the least degree, of any other duty that may be devolving upon them as members of the Church and as those holding the priesthood of the Son of God. And with reference to the sisters who are teachers and officers in the Sunday School, I cannot see where there could be a reason or an excuse for them to avoid or neglect, in the least degree, their attendance upon the fast meetings. I realize, however, among my own children, that after they have been to Sunday School and returned home, there is a tendency to the feeling that they have done enough for that day. When sometimes I ask them in the afternoon, "Are you now going to meeting?" I sometimes get the reply, "Why, papa, I have been to Sunday School." If this feeling extends in any degree to the teachers—and some of my children are teachers in the Sunday School—or to the officers, I hope they will take still a further interest in performing other duties devolving upon them naturally and legitimately as members of the Church. No man holding the holy priesthood should neglect, unless his duties call him somewhere else and the duty calling him elsewhere is paramount, his attendance at the meetings of his quorum or the organization of the priesthood to which he belongs. And with reference to the sacrament, which applies both to men and to women who are not engaged in Sabbath School work, we are under the commandment of the Lord to meet together often, to partake of the bread which is given as a symbol of His body that was

hanged upon a tree, and of the water, which is a symbol of the blood that was shed for the sin of the world; and as often, we are commanded, as we do this, we should do it in remembrance of Him—not in remembrance only of the fact that He was crucified and His blood was shed for the sins of the world, but in memory of the fact that we are indebted to this sacrifice which He made for us for our own redemption from the power of sin and death. Not from the temporal death—that is but a trivial matter in comparison to that other and greater death which is called spiritual. For it has been decreed by the Father, and it has been wrought out by the sacrifice of the Son, that every soul that lives and dies as pertaining to mortality shall rise again from the dead, whether he believes or does not believe, whether he has accepted Christ or has rejected Him, whether he has heard of Him or not, whether he is good or evil, bond or free, male or female—it matters not, every soul that dies with reference to the temporal death shall be raised up again from death to life through the power of the resurrection of the Son of God. But the spiritual death, men are not redeemed from that except by repentance and faith and obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel of Christ, that have been instituted for the salvation and redemption of the world. And the sacrament of the Lord's supper was instituted as a reminder for all that accepted Christ's mission and atonement for their sins, that they might bear him in mind, that they must not forget what He had done for them, nor their obligation to walk in His paths and to obey His law. When we neglect as members of the Church, either as parents or children who have been baptized for the

remission of sins, to observe the Lord's supper, partaking of it in remembrance of Him and of the covenant that we have made with Him, we are impoverishing our own spirit, our own spirituality; we are diminishing our own faith, our own ardor for the truth and our love for him who has wrought redemption and salvation for the children of men through repentance and obedience to His law, both from temporal and spiritual death. So that every man and woman should feel earnestly interested in commemorating this event, by attending the sacrament meetings, which are held as a rule upon fast days, and in connection with it remember our fast offerings for the benefit of the poor. We ought not to neglect this duty that is incumbent upon every man and woman and child baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It would be well for no one to deceive himself in the thought that this is only a trivial or unimportant matter. It is of such importance that in olden time it was declared by one of the Apostles of Christ that because that the people who had embraced the Gospel under the teaching of the Apostles had indulged in wrong doing, and notwithstanding that had partaken of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, doing it unworthily, by which the displeasure of the Almighty rested upon them, and the Apostle declared that by reason thereof many were sick among them, and many slept. That is to say, I suppose, that they brought upon them not only physical weakness, physical infirmities, physical defects, but spiritual death, and possibly temporal death as well. We cannot, my brethren and sisters, mock at that which is divine. We cannot ridicule and make light with impunity of that which is sacred in the eyes of God.

No man who is honest in his heart and soul, or woman who is devoted in her faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ, can ever feel satisfied with themselves, or enjoy that full measure of contentment which they should feel in their hearts, when they neglect to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's supper in remembrance of Him. And this applies to all that are baptized. I have always been pleased and delighted with the decision that was rendered by President Brigham Young, in the early days, that all children, whether they had been baptized or not, that is, all children, whether they had reached the years of accountability or not, were eligible to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and be taught from their infancy the importance of this ordinance, and learn to prize it and to appreciate it and understand it, even from their infancy onward.

Now, my brethren and sisters, another thing. While we would urge upon the officers and the teachers, both brethren and sisters, to attend their several fast meetings, sacrament meetings, and the priesthood meetings to which they belong, we would, on the other hand, respectfully request of the various quorums of the priesthood to which these men do belong, not to impose upon these brethren who are engaged in the Sunday School work tasks and burdens that will be too heavy for them to bear. It is not infrequently the case that our young men who return from missions are put to work in the wards, to teach on their blocks and to attend gatherings at the ward meetinghouse, and many other duties, which actually take them away from their homes and almost consume their entire evenings, week in and week out. We ought not to make these labors burdensome upon our elders

or brethren that are willing to work and to do all that they can reasonably. Men ought to have the privilege of visiting with their families occasionally in their homes, with their wives and their children, and it should not be necessary for them to be occupied every night and every moment of their leisure time in duties that may be required of them by their Bishops or by their quorum authorities to the extent of making their lives burdensome. Let us strive to strike a happy medium in these things. But I will say to my brethren of the Sunday Schools, attend to the other duties as well as the Sabbath School. Do your duty at the Sabbath School, but also do your duty toward your council meetings, your priesthood meetings; and let us all attend our sacrament meetings, and partake of the sacrament with clean hands and with pure hearts, without animosity in our souls towards any living being, eradicating from our hearts anger, envy and feelings of strife of every character, and the spirit, above all things, of unforgiveness and of unrepentance. Let us banish these thoughts and these feelings from our hearts when we go to partake of the bread and water in commemoration of the sacrifice made by the Son of God for our redemption, for if we will go thus and partake of this ordinance with clean hands and with pure hearts, we will receive encouragement and approval of the Spirit of the Lord, and we will feel satisfied that we have done our duty. The Lord help us to do it is my prayer. Amen.

The Stake Sunday School Librarian.

The Stake Sunday School Librarian is a member of the Stake Sunday School Board. He should con-

duct the Librarian's Department at the Union meetings; should visit the different Sunday Schools in the stake, become acquainted with their local conditions, and do all he can to assist the local librarians.

He should also cultivate the acquaintance of the officers and teachers and be prepared as far as possible to answer questions in regard to text books, works of reference, and other matters pertaining to his department. It is expected that he will do all in his power to aid each local librarian to obtain and maintain a library. To provide or devise ways and means, under the direction of the superintendency, for improving and supplying the libraries; or at least to suggest and keep the subject before them and to incite in a proper way, action, so that full attention and consideration may be given to this important feature of a good Sunday School.

At the Union meetings, the stake librarian meets with the local librarians where he may offer suggestions and invite others from them upon general and special conditions and questions that may be presented for their consideration. He should be ready to call their attention to any instructions of the General Sunday School Board or of the Stake Board, affecting their duties; and also to impart such information himself, as he may deem advisable.

Instructions and suggestions can be given on topics bearing on library work, such as:

The proper condition and care of the library.

How to obtain books for the library.

Which are the best books for study and reference?

The responsibility of a librarian.

The special qualifications of a good librarian.

How the books needed in school can be best distributed and gathered up.

It is a good thing to have the local librarians prepare and give talks in the Union meetings on these and other topics relating to their own duties; and also interesting descriptive and historical accounts that will extend their general knowledge and show the importance mankind place on the formation and care of libraries.

Much interest can be aroused by following these suggestions and others that may be offered, and the stake librarian should endeavor to have all take part in the discussions at Union meetings.

When visiting a Sunday School he can ascertain if the superintendency are interested in having a good library for their school; if the librarian and assistant librarian are intelligent, interested and wide-awake; if ways and means have been devised whereby suitable books are being accumulated so that the school may possess a valuable library; if the library register is correctly kept; if a good place is provided for the books, maps and charts and they are neatly kept and properly arranged; see if all books in the library are properly bound, also that song, and other books needed in the school are properly distributed, according to instructions of the superintendent; and encourage the members of the school to improve their library and to derive as much benefit from its use as possible. If called upon to address the school, his remarks, however brief, should always be encouraging and appropriate in some way to the interests of his department.

Parents' Department.

HOW TO REACH THE PARENTS.

Charles C. Richards, Weber Stake.

The supervisors of the Parents' classes in the several wards, as well as the members of the Stake and General Boards, have given much consideration to the different methods that might profitably be employed: 1. To secure the attendance and co-operation of young parents, as well as the older ones, and 2. To secure punctuality on the part of parents in attendance at the Parents' classes. From the various plans suggested one will soon become convinced that the first thing to be done is to convert the parents to the importance and necessity of the class. When that has been accomplished the battle has been won. For, except in cases of illness on the part of the parents or children or exceptional cases, such as absence from home or enforced daily employment, covering the Sabbath, the way to attend, can, and will, be found, if the parent is desirous of doing so. This was illustrated in a meeting of the ward supervisors, with the Stake Board members in charge of Parents' class work, in one of our large stakes a year or two ago. A brother (supervisor) suggested that he thought it would be a good thing to have the parents meet at 10:30, Sunday morning, after the opening exercises of the school, instead of at 10 o'clock, and in that way allow them half an hour after the children have been started to school to get themselves in readiness to attend. He was promptly silenced by a sister (supervisor) who arose and said: "I am opposed to the suggestion. I am the mother of seven children, and find that I can easily get my children ready for

school and myself in attendance at the prayer meeting at 9:25, as I could at 10 o'clock. It's all in making up your mind, before hand, that you want to do it and then getting out of bed and doing it. Unless some of you have larger families than I have I think you are as able to do it as I am."

Accepting the desire on the parents' part as the criterion of ability we are then confronted with this proposition: How can we best arouse the parents to the importance and desirability of the work? Various plans have been resorted to with more or less success, some of which we here mention: 1. Personal visits at the homes of the parents made by the ward supervisors. 2. Urging the parents, by the ward teachers, when making their regular visits throughout the ward. 3. Appeals from the pulpit, made by Stake Board members and others at regular ward meetings or special conventions of parents called for that purpose. 4. Annual conventions of the parents of the stake regularly called and held under the immediate supervision of the Stake Board members. 5. Personal letters, written or printed, addressed to each parent, explaining the scope of the work, urging his or her attendance upon the class and the benefits to be derived therefrom. 6. Postal cards mailed on Thursday or Friday, to each parent, urging attendance and stating the lesson or topic to be discussed the following Sunday.

We consider the first plan (of personally visiting the parents by the ward supervisors) as far the most effective. In making these visits the supervisors should take time fully and carefully to present the plan of work to both the father and mother, remembering that both, not one, are wanted in the class

and that the one least interested, at first, is the one that may cause serious annoyance, later on, if not converted to the work. The supervisors should patiently and pleasantly hear the objections or obstacles offered by the parents and suggest a practicable way of removing them. If the first visit is not entirely successful it should be followed up by a second or even later visits. Remember that varying environments will produce different results and that time may be required to overcome them. As supplements to these visits the ward teachers can render invaluable service, provided they are converted to the importance of the class and are members of it, or, if Seventies, attend their quorums on Sunday morning. It is absurd to ask a man to preach what he does not practice and it ought not to be done.

The other plans suggested are all valuable aids and can be made productive of good results if properly handled, but the personal appeal by the ward supervisors, who should be men and women of the highest standard of morality and ability, and their heart-to-heart talks with the individual fathers and mothers, in their own homes, is the one that ought to and will accomplish the most good in the shortest period of time. How much closer can the supervisors get to the hearts and souls of the parents, in that way, than through the pulpit, or under cover of the envelope and postage stamp.

When the parents have become enthusiastically interested in the class, the matter of punctuality will be solved by them as it was by the Sister Supervisor, previously quoted, (the mother of the seven children) who not only does her share of the teaching in the class—one of

the best classes in that stake—but also attends the officers and teachers' prayer meeting, beginning one-half hour earlier than the school.

While considering how we can secure the attendance of the parents, it must be borne in mind that the class lessons must be made so interesting that the members, after joining, can see profit, as well as pleasure, in the time so spent. The responsibility for this rests upon the class supervisors and to succeed they must always have their lessons thoroughly prepared and well in hand. It will not do to invite the parents to a feast and hand them a stone. If you do they will resent it by absenting themselves and the supervisors will be largely to blame for the failure of their class. Supervisors must remember that, after once getting the parents to attend, the only thing that will retain them is to make the discussions interesting and profitable.

Second Intermediate Department.

In the last ten years Sunday School Union meetings have had immense growth in the Sunday School organization of our Church. These meetings have been a potent factor in the rapid development of our schools. Yet, notwithstanding the great good they have done and are doing, we sometimes hear their usefulness questioned and adverse criticism leveled against them by Sunday School workers. In the success and usefulness of these institutions and the questions and criticisms concerning them this department as well as all others is interested.

It should be the study of the workers of this department to make their department meetings as useful as possible in preparing good

teachers for the youth of Zion. To this end it is the design of this brief article to notice some recently-heard questions and criticisms and offer suggestions for the improvement of our department meetings.

It is sometimes said that there is no need for the Sunday School Union meeting and its departments. There is no function for them to perform. This statement is founded on the conception that the union meeting is the place to prepare the lessons for the next month's work in the Sunday Schools. In progressive stakes where the wards have made their own provision for the preparation of their teachers week by week, it is no wonder that such a feeling should arise. But the preparation of lessons is only a minor part of the work of union meetings. Teachers have recently been heard to say that they dislike the union meetings and that they learn nothing by attending them. This dislike is probably due to the way department meetings are sometimes conducted. The writer has recently visited some of these meetings where the whole time was taken up in reciting, in a poor way, the lessons in the outlines for the next month. There was, moreover, a manifest lack of preparation on the part of the members of the department. It would not be just for them to criticize the head of the department because the recitation was not interesting to them. Under such conditions it is no wonder that department meetings are not interesting.

For the success of the meetings of our department all are responsible, the teachers from the various schools as well as the head of the department. The Board member in charge is responsible for leadership of proper quality, and the teachers

from the various schools are responsible for co-operation in making those meetings successful.

Board members in charge sometimes make the mistake of spending the entire time on lessons, having recitations in which they act as the teachers of teachers. A more profitable way of spending the time, we believe to be this: The Board members of the department should be the supervisors of the work of this department in all the schools of the stake. They should spend their Sunday mornings, under appointment from the stake superintendent, in visiting the classes under their charge. Instead of heaping destructive criticism upon the work of the teachers or indiscriminately commending all that is done they should make themselves helpful to the teachers and their visits to be longed for rather than dreaded. They should draw the teachers to them in love and co-operation in a great missionary work and not drive them away. In these visits the Board members should familiarize themselves thoroughly with the strong points and the weak ones in the work of the teachers under them. Material should be gathered and noted down on these visits on the most timely subjects for the consideration of all when they come together in department meetings at the union.

The teachers then, whose good will and co-operation have been enlisted by the kind helpfulness of the Board members, will take an active part in discussing topics brought up. They will enter with energy into the work of solving the problems confronting the department. For this kind of work every teacher striving to fulfill well his mission will feel a desire. It is a positive need to most teachers to give them

breadth of view. Unless it is done there is great danger that the teaching of many will dwindle to the mere communication of facts from the topics in the outline and ignore the greater work of inspiring the souls of the children with faith and creating high ideals.

By following some such plan as this, not mechanically, but thoughtfully and by the help of inspiration to which workers in so noble a cause are entitled, we feel that good unions can be made better and those that have not succeeded well may be placed on a basis of usefulness. But there must be something in the department meetings besides poor recitations, there must be discussions in which all can take part on timely subjects that will be to the benefit of all. Teachers must feel that they get something for coming together. They must feel that they accomplish something more by traveling great distances to come together than the mere swelling of percentages and adding to the statistics.

First Intermediate Department.

WHAT A STAKE WORKER MAY DO IN VISITING A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

By Reuben T. Evans.

(Read before the First Intermediate department workers, at the meeting of Stake Boards, held in the Barratt Hall, Sunday, Oct. 6th, 1907, at 8 a. m.

What is the *duty* of the stake-worker with respect to the Sunday morning visit? We need not look askance at the term "duty," for, as Lecky words it, "We are so constituted that the notion of duty furnishes in itself a natural motive of action of the highest order." We must meet duty, in our calling, with

a frank recognition. With Webster we will find it "omnipresent as Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery."

The subject allows the following general grouping: 1. Obligations respecting the school in general, (a) before entering it, (b) during its session, (c) after dismissal; and 2. Obligations respecting the stake-worker's particular department, (a) before visiting the school, (b) during the class exercise, (c) with the teachers after the school closes.

It is imperative, first of all, that a stake-worker, in order to attempt justice to his appointment, be in touch with the spirit of Sunday School work. This is possible only through keenly sensed devotion to the cause, conscientious fulfilment of Sunday School responsibilities, and through much sacrifice.

The stake-worker will feel it his duty to familiarize himself with the condition of the school before he visits it. To do this he will recall his own past observations there, will consult with stake workers who have recently visited that school, and will carefully study the written reports of past Stake Board visits. These sources of information should supply him with a knowledge of such features as: prevalent condition of the building, time and nature of the preliminary meeting, status of five-minute-music exercise, singing, marching, memory work, condition of the records, statistics, names of the superintendency and Bishopric, general spirit of the school, particular problems there which demand Stake Board attention. He will know of the suggestions made to the school by

his predecessors, and is in a position to follow them up that they may become effective. He will know the school minutely, if the visit is to be ideal, and he will study its betterment in advance. This pre-view of the intended visit will intensify his interest, give self-assurance, and insure prestige with those he is to supervise. It will prevent the visit's being what it too often is, superficial, and therefore ineffective.

In addition to the study of specific conditions in the school beforehand, which may not always afford topics of interest to the school as a whole, the prospective stake visitor will prepare himself for addresses before the teachers and general assembly. He puts the success of his visit in jeopardy who trusts blindly to the inspiration of the moment for his talk.

Finally, he will seek guidance and inspiration at its fountain-head in prayer, before he sets out upon his mission.

At the school itself, sociability may be aroused or encouraged by greeting with a buoyant and kindly spirit the local workers, this proverb serving as a beacon, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." The visitor may inculcate promptness and respect for order by being in the proper place in due time for the exercise at hand. Respect for his calling may be elicited by regard for the callings of those he is visiting. He is, therefore, not officious—he is alert for things good and bad, making notes for use at the opportune time. He is a pattern in conforming to the regulations and exercises as they proceed. The invitation to address the teachers in their preliminary meeting, or the school in general session, is cheerfully responded to, and seeing

with the eyes of those who have visited before him as well as with his own, he is able justly to commend and helpfully criticize. He is prepared to edify and enthuse his hearers with some pertinent topic, should local conditions not demand open consideration. His remarks are suited primarily to young minds for he does not forget that of such his audience is chiefly composed.

Upon dismissal of school his duty may consist in calling a brief meeting of officers and teachers for special business such as the solution of some local problem, or for instructions concerning class work, union meeting, special local board meeting, the enrollment movement or for some special commendation or criticism. A further obligation will be to inspect the school records that their proper keeping may be taught and their condition accurately noted in the stake visit report. He will not hurry from his visit, but lend his service to the desires of the superintendency, accepting an invitation home to consider further the needs of the school or an invitation to remain and talk Sunday School business in the afternoon or evening meeting. The demands of the appointment are not satisfied until the stake report blank has been properly filled out and duly placed in the stake superintendency's possession.

What are the obligations of the stake worker with respect to his special department? Here, also, they begin before he enters the school. He should know of his appointment in time to discuss his visit with his department associates in the stake board meeting, and in time to look up the written reports of visits to that class, that he may know its needs. Who are the teachers? What is the nature of their preparation and presentation? What

are the class statistics? How is the discipline? Being able to answer these questions beforehand, he may prepare tangible help for those teachers and those pupils. Additional to this, he will prepare the lesson for the coming Sunday as thoroughly as he would ask the local teacher to.

His obligations in the department call first for the manifestation towards the teachers of a kindly, helpful spirit, as opposed to an air of superiority or cold criticism. In what cases should he assume the teacher's work? In all cases only at the solicitation of the teacher and with her explanation to the class, and then only because she is temporarily incapable, or because compliance with her request might prove instructive to her. Anything in the way of intrusion should be avoided lest the teacher be humiliated and her influence disparaged.

How may the stake worker assist the teacher in her own presentation? By giving her his sympathy and faith, and, in the attitude of a class member, asking or answering an occasional question. Shall he fill up the unused time? Not if the teacher were given to habitually getting through too soon. In using class time it is well to hold to the day's lesson by adding an illustration, if the aim has not been well taught, by making further applications if that part of the exercise was insufficient, by remarks upon the assignment, where this was not complete—all to be done discretely, lest the teacher's prestige suffer. This kind of participation in the class exercise, if the stake worker is well prepared, should be helpful to the teacher as well as instructive to the pupils.

At the close of school the visitor should not fail to meet his local workers, if only for a parting word

of encouragement. Such a meeting affords opportunity for helpful comment on the day's work for discussion of the department problems, and for becoming better acquainted. The stake worker calls attention to the teacher's union meeting, local board meeting, and Sunday School attendance records, urging more integrity where this is lacking. To enthruse the local people individual-contact is necessary. They must feel that the board member is actually carrying part of their responsibility, and is intensely interested in their success or failure. Finally the making out of the department report is necessary, such remarks being added as will serve for union meeting topics, and help future visitors.

These are some things a stake worker may do for the school he visits. Having done all this will he feel repaid for his preparation, his journey, and his, perhaps, indifferent reception? If his task has been sincerely pursued, the consciousness of duty adequately performed will sufficiently remunerate him. He will feel "the secret pleasure of the generous act—the great man's great bribe."

Primary and Kindergarten Departments.

THE BACKWARD PUPIL.

One of the admirable characteristics of President Roosevelt is his desire to "give every man a square deal." In theory all Americans agree with him in this particular, but in actual practice many fall far short, and, unfortunately, among these are a large number of teachers in our Sunday Schools. Probably no harsher criticism could be offered a teacher than was made, quite unconsciously, a short time

ago by a little eight-year-old girl. Her father had been talking with her about attending religion class and asked her what she would say if she were called upon to dismiss the class by prayer. She said, "Oh, I won't be called upon; Beatrice Jones is the only one that is ever asked to do that." This child knew as well as an older person could have done that she had not been treated with perfect fairness, and, of course, it will be only a question of time until she resents such treatment.

The child, like other people learns by doing. Little ones who are not required to do their share of the work lose much of the present benefit of the school and in all probability will not long be members of the class. The Church itself furnishes a splendid illustration of this point. Those who are not working in the Church almost invariably lose interest and sooner or later drop out.

In every class there are some bright, self-assertive children who will take part in the work whether

they are encouraged by the teacher or not. Frequently these are the ones that receive the most attention and are given most of the work to do, while the shrinking, bashful child who will not take any part unless specially urged to do so, is left to its own devices. Teachers who do not know how to properly distribute the work cannot be very successful, no matter what other qualifications they may have. No one is able to see the far-reaching results of thoughtfulness or carelessness in teaching children. Directly or indirectly one life influences hundreds or perhaps thousands of other lives even during our earthly existence and the magnitude of the responsibility which is upon every Sunday School teacher is almost appalling.

Teachers may well ask the Almighty for His divine guidance in their work, so that as far as they are concerned the pupils under their charge may make as good men and women as it is possible for them to be. Give every boy and girl, as well as every man, "a square deal."

Bertie: "Gee whiz! I can't build a house."

Mamma: "O Bertie, don't say naughty things before your sister."

Bertie: "What difference does it make who says them first?"

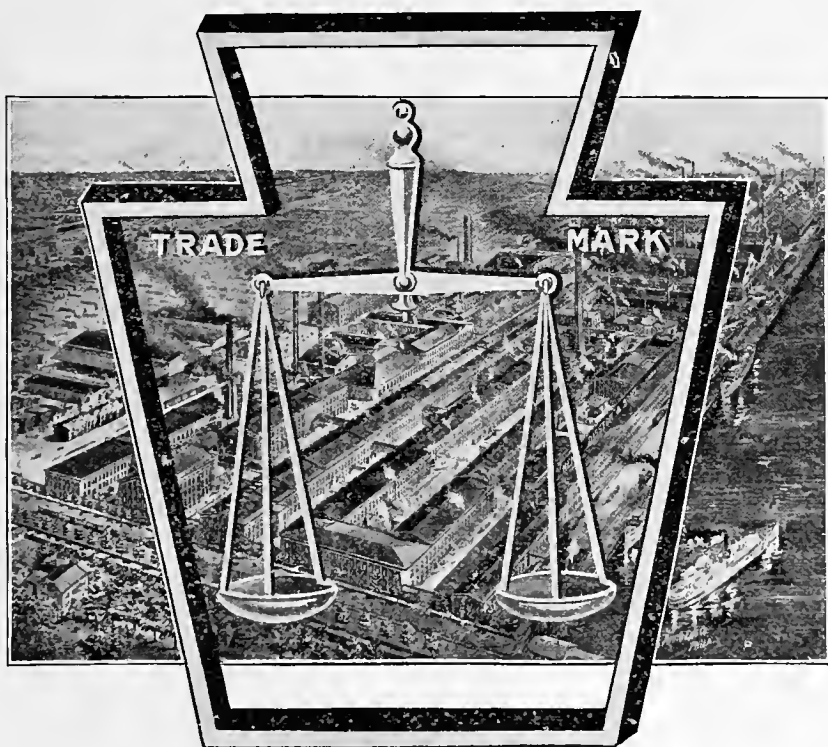


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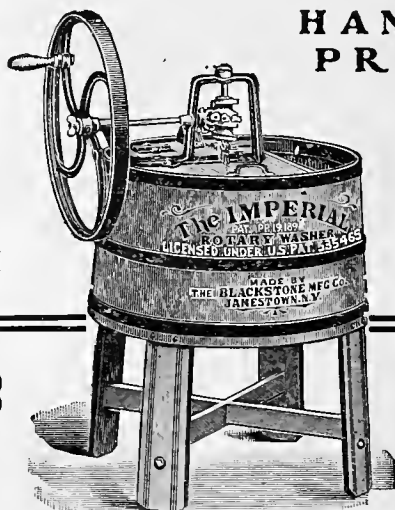
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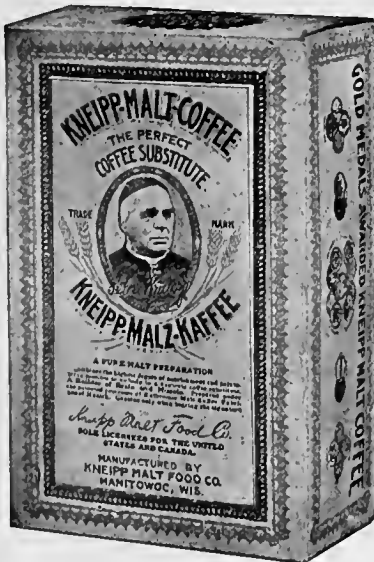
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